

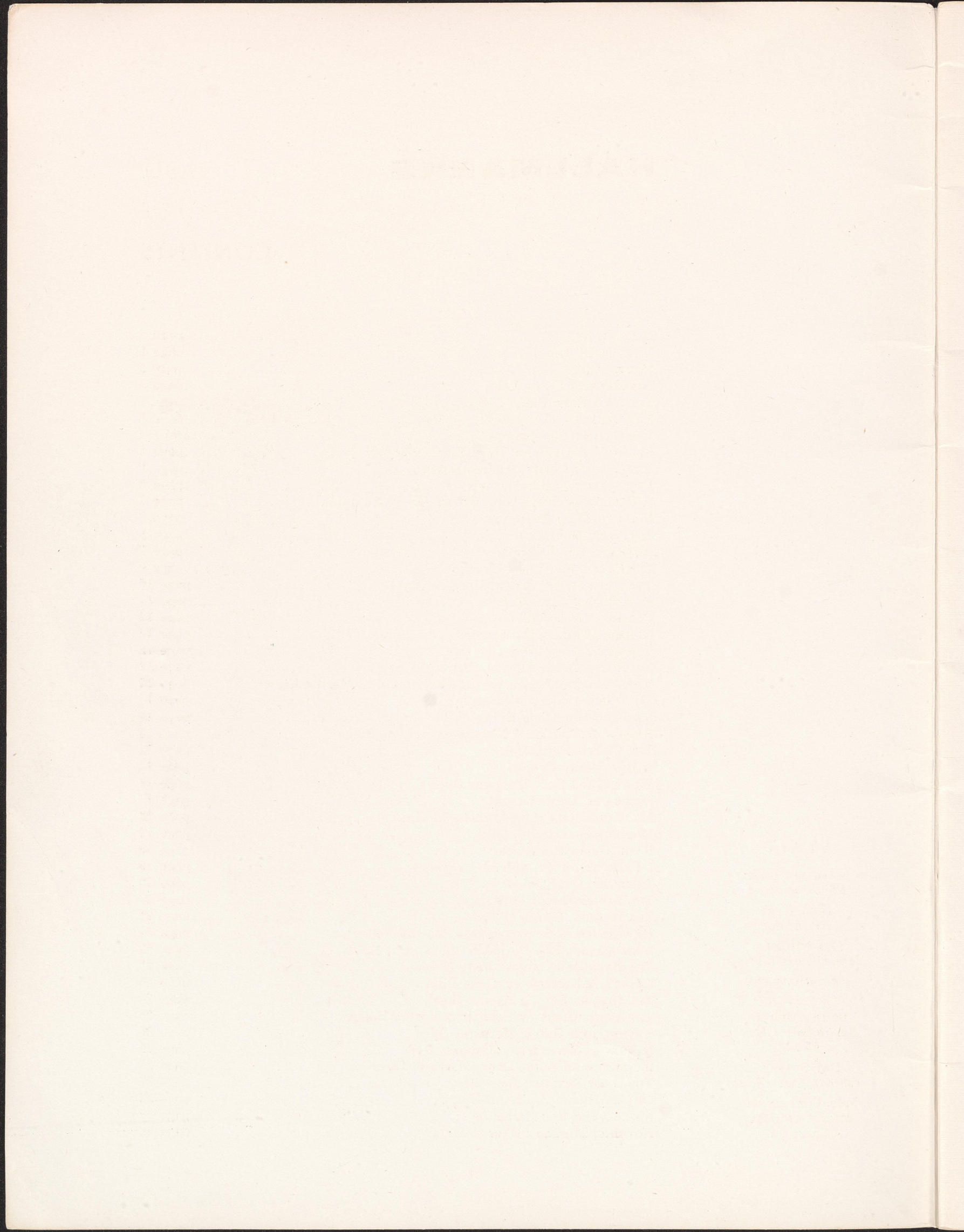
1964



# *Hallmarks*

OF HARPETH HALL







# HALLMARKS

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## DEDICATION

The Penstaff Club would like to dedicate  
this first issue of HALLMARKS to last year's  
president, Cathy Lee. Cathy possessed a rare  
talent for writing poetry which, if she had lived,  
might have made its mark on the pages of American  
literature. She upheld the traditions of the  
Penstaff Club, and she inspired its members to  
do likewise. Therefore, as we start a new tradition  
at Harpeth Hall, it is only right that we should  
establish it in her memory, in the hope that  
succeeding groups of Penstaff members will uphold  
the tradition of HALLMARKS as Cathy would have.

## LIFE

Cathy Lee

*Life is just a loan from God.  
How cheap the rent we pay!  
We stay here such a little while,  
And so little take away;  
But oh what trouble we cause here,  
What pain and sorrow and tears,  
And to pay a just amount I fear,  
Would take a thousand years.*



## THE LAST ROSE

Cathy Lee

*Love died tonight;  
I touched it,  
And it withered.  
It faded before me  
Like the last of summer's roses  
And fell among the thorns.*

*I must have pressed too hard  
Or asked too much.  
But now the petals are scattered,  
And even the lovely scent  
Has gone  
And with it all but memories.*

## SEA BANDITS

Cathy Lee

*On to the sandy white beach  
Ride the white capped riders,  
Riders of the tossing waves.  
Inward they ride, the surf's young horsemen,  
On the crest of the blue-green sea;  
In to capture a great sand-castle  
With lofty turrets and spiraling towers,  
The majestic work of some young mortal child.  
Little care they, these stormy marauders,  
The effects of their blue-whitened waves;  
They come only to capture this castle,  
And take its spoils to their home in the deep.*

## YOUTH

Cathy Lee

*Youth is a passing splendor,  
A bittersweet time of life,  
When life means joy,  
And joy means love,  
And love means pain  
Which passes like a summer rain.*

## THE DREAMER

Cathy Lee

*I see silver puddles and patent-leather streets,  
While others only see a dreary rainy day.  
Call me a dreamer if you will  
Because I build castles far away,  
And cathedrals on a star.  
Mock my dreams and laugh;  
It matters not to me.  
I see turreted palaces  
Curling from an autumn fire  
And, in my mind I build  
A carousel where children laugh and play.  
Mock me if you will.  
But I laugh back at you,  
For you'll be crushed by monotony  
And bowed by loads of care  
While I sing my songs of dreams  
And build my sane retreats from  
Your life of insanity.*



# THE CRAVEN or The Reviewer's Lament

Dot Stamps

*Art thou the summer's spirit, lively sprite  
Who poises wing and wand in darting flight?  
Art thou the heart of spring in shining green,  
Fair nymph who graces our new color screen?  
Elusive fay, thy fame informs me well—  
For T. V. Guide saith thou are Tinkerbell.  
Guide well my hand—pray lend me not the grief  
Of him whose show is bested by thy chief.  
Lift high my soul that bold words I may choose;  
If not, I shall invoke another Muse.*

*What is the depth of horror one may know—  
The height of fear and anguish, dread and woe?  
How well may fear portray the fiendish role  
Of firebrand on the mortal's cringing soul?  
Prunella knew—for there stood she before  
What seemed a thousand eyes—nay, even more!  
A myriad of eyes all seething flame  
And daring her to speak the fateful name.  
A sudden fleeting moment ere she spoke,  
Gallant Harbrace, the sprite from pearly smoke,  
Arose, and, sensing danger, swooped below;  
"The author, then the book," he counseled low.  
"Remind me not of that my frightful task,  
Thou goblin! Seek I only some bold mask  
To shade my cowardice in face of doom;  
'Tis sure I shall be martyred in this room."  
Once more the maiden stood embraced by fear;  
"The book and then the author," she did hear.  
'Twas Glossary the elf who screamed, "Lo!  
Thy guiding purpose doth command it so."  
"Be silent, wretched sylph," Prunella said,  
And fiercely thrashed the air above her head.  
Unharmed, the elf retiréd to his place  
Upon Prunella's curls, beside Harbrace.*

*The quivering maid was pierced by eyes again  
And sought a look of mercy, but in vain.  
Her thoughts turned to the glaring cards of white  
That had purloined her sleep night after night.  
She glanced at all and slowly drew her breath;  
For two small cards lay'twixt her life and death.  
The fateful words did fairly shriek with voice,  
"Thy doom or fame—'tis weighted upon the choice!"  
One bore the mystic tale that did unfold  
When fair Prunella read its printing bold.  
The other—sharp and cutting as a knife—  
Revealed the story of the author's life.  
"Which comest first?" The question pierced her heart;  
The frightened maiden knew not where to start.  
A flash of light saw Harbrace rise once more.  
"The author, then the book!" he did implore.  
But Glossary leapt, swift to tell his plan:  
"The book and then the author," he began.  
Prunella gazéd slowly at each Muse;  
'Twas clear she knew not which advice to choose.  
The bold, determined sprites knew what to do:  
A battle must be fought between the two.  
The winner should decide the maiden's fate;  
Prunella and the eyes must watch and wait.  
Stern Harbrace stepped onto th' ethereal field  
And summoned him the weapons he would wield.  
In numerals and letters he did call  
A regiment extending wall to wall.  
The daring Glossary was not dismayed;  
His thundering call a thousand words obeyed.  
He marchéd them, and every eye did see  
The wonders of this verbal pageantry.  
The eager armies drew themselves apart,  
Awaiting signal for the war to start.  
A brief caesural pause from Glossary  
Was followed by a sudden 18 d.  
And, thus, in medias res began the fight  
That was to free Prunella from her plight.*

(Continued on page 30)



# FORMULA FOR FRIGHT

Mary Frank Bloodworth

I shuddered as a scream pierced the still of the night; and as the nephew of the grandson of the son of the Werewolf approached the bloody corpse, I could stand it no longer. I dashed from my chair and turned off the T.V. With only one light on in the den, things appeared mysteriously shadowy. Everyone was in bed. I could think of nothing but getting there myself.

I gazed toward the dark kitchen, then to the hall which looked bare and still. Hearing a noise in the direction of the kitchen, I quickly turned to hear only the hammering of my heart. Why does my family leave me up alone on nights such as these?

Slowly I backed against the wall and edged toward the corner of the hall where the closed bedroom door could clearly be seen in spite of the ghostly shadows.

"What lurks in the midst of my shadowy room?" I asked myself. The moon cast a dim light on the wall just ahead of me. That was a small reassurance; but wait, a full moon can mean only one thing—the Werewolf.

Then I reached for the doorknob. Slowly but surely it turned, and I heaved it open with all my strength. For the next few stunning seconds, I'm not sure what happened. You see, my terrific force had caused the door to bang against the dresser. I was sure the noise had awakened the dead. After the tense moment had passed, I realized that I was safe. When I resumed natural breathing, my eyes quickly scanned the room. Knowing what would have to be done, I looked in the

closet. As I stealthily walked toward the door, I opened it, half expecting a body to fall out. I was relieved to find nothing unusual. Now for a quick glance under the bed and the routine examination would be over. Half relieved and half disappointed, I found nothing. I slowly opened my drawer and extracted a long piece of string, one end of which I tied to the lamp chain, while the other I held in my hand.

Back went the covers as I started to get into bed. Just at that moment something seemed terribly strange. It was a feeling I have never experienced before in my life. Then it was all clear to me—I had forgotten the flashlight which I always kept by my side in case the lights should go out. On the verge of jumping into bed, I froze with horror as I heard a neighbor's dog give a shrieking howl outside my window. Lucky for me that the shades were drawn.

In all my haste, I forgot to put on my pajamas. As I got up, a cool draft swept across my legs. Either my imagination was playing tricks on me, or the back door was open. I concluded that it was my imagination since both the door and window were closed. One more quick check under the bed and I crawled in. As I slowly pulled the string, off clicked the light. I was completely covered up, (except for my eyes). I was also completely smothered. But I was content. The ordeal being finished, I could settle down to a good night's sleep. After all, I had to be wide-eyed tomorrow night while I watched "Dracular Strikes in Alaska" on the Late Late Shock Theater.





## PREPARATION

Andrea Davis

*Shine down on me, Sun.  
Blow against me, Wind.  
Ruffle my hair and take the  
breath from me,  
Make me glad I'm alive.*

*Smile at me, Friend.  
Take my hand, Lover.  
Speak to me, Lord, calm my  
frenzied spirit.  
Make me ready for death.*

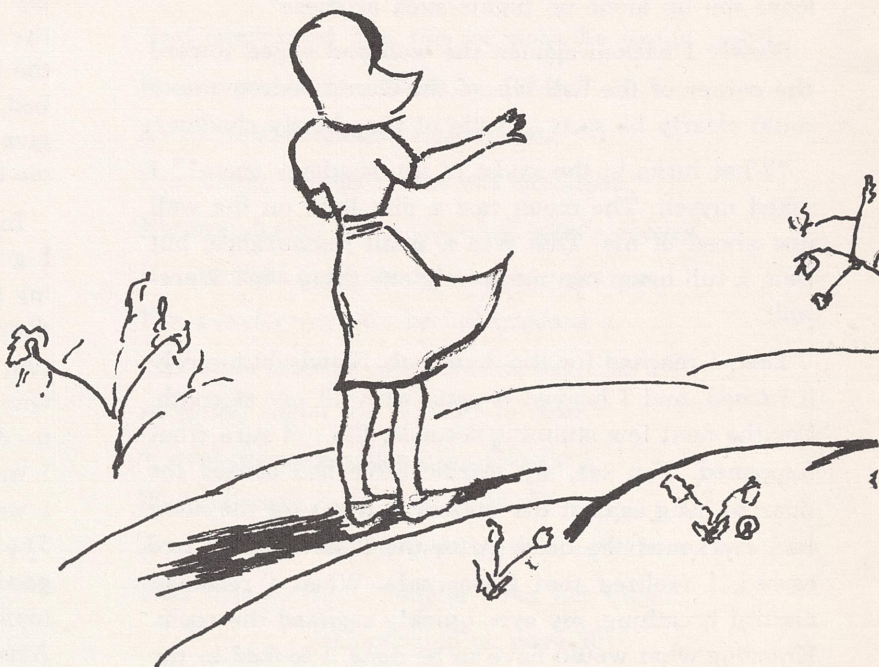
## TILL SPRING COMES

Andrea Davis

*Come walk with me, and hold my hand,  
And stroll with me over the frozen land.  
The sun is hidden, the wind is chill—  
Come journey with me over the distant hill  
Till Spring comes.*

*I'm cold and lonely—the weather makes me so.  
I'm tired of waiting when there's no place to go.  
There'd be so much to do, so much to see  
If you'd take my hand and walk with me  
Till Spring comes*

*And when Spring comes, with her quiet grace,  
Will you leave me standing with a stricken face,  
Begging you not to leave me alone  
When all the winds of the winter have blown,  
And Spring has come?*





## A Review of **BRAVE NEW WORLD** by Aldous Huxley

Margy Caldwell

In *Brave New World* Aldous Huxley etches for the reader an intricate picture of two modes of civilization: the brave new world and the savage reservation. Since the beginning of time, man has experimented with civilization and organization; he has blindly groped for the embodiment of his vague conception of the ideal world. Democracy, dictatorship, monarchy: all have been tested, none have proved faultless. What is man searching for? Where does his utopia lie? Thus far man has found no perfect society. Aldous Huxley has not offered man a faultless pattern for the ideal world, yet he has painted two distinct civilizations. The brave new world and the savage reservation were almost exact opposites: the former was a society of mechanization and progress, the latter a society of simplicity and comparative ignorance. Bernard Marx summarized the striking difference of the two worlds; he found it impossible . . . "to realize, to reconstruct. As though we were living on different planets, in different centuries." Each was lacking in some respects, yet each possessed some advantages. Perhaps our ideal society lies at some point in the vast gulf between the two worlds of Aldous Huxley. The process of trial and error will probably continue until a society is found which contains the advantages of previous civilizations with none of their shortcomings. Man has not yet found the ideal world; both the brave new world and the savage reservation, although almost perfect in some respects, were hampered by some deficiencies.

The brave new world was not perfect, nor was it destroyed by faults. The inhabitant of the brave new world was rich in many respects. Unhappiness was a mysterious word, a word which had no meaning. Lenina unconsciously expressed the basis for the happiness of her world as she asserted, "Never put off 'til tomorrow the fun you can have today." Man spent a life of ease and comfort, of luxury and happiness. And if ever the mind were clouded by the faint shadow of depression, "there is always soma, delicious soma, half a gramme for a half-holiday, a gramme for a weekend, two grammes for a trip to the gorgeous East, three for a dark eternity on the moon. . . ." Old age and disease no longer plagued the masses of human-

ity. The man of the brave new world who was fortunate enough to glimpse the aged Linda shrieked in horror: her diseased body had been carved by the sharp knife of time, a knife long since dulled by the science of the new society. Man was trained to feel no dissatisfaction with his level in society: there was no discontent, no war for equality. "I'm really awfully glad I'm a Beta, because . . ."—I am glad; I am happy; I enjoy life in my brave new world. The omnipotent Controller summarized the benefits offered by the brave new world in the following words:

The world's stable now. People are happy; they get what they want, and they never want what they can't get. They're well off; they're safe; they're never ill; they're not afraid of death; they're blissfully ignorant of passion and old age.

Yet life was imperfect in some respects; man had not found a complete utopia in his brave new world. World leaders sought to escape doubt by avoiding questioning any phase of their environment. The past had been frantically buried; the leaders of the new civilization were not yet sure enough of their superiority to delve into the records of the past. Man stood high on a lofty pedestal, a pedestal which the words of Shakespeare might dash to oblivion. Individuality was non-existent; man was only a link in the cold steel chain of the State. The Controller himself sighed, "Well, duty's duty. One can't consult one's own preference." Men were classified, sorted like so many inanimate objects: Alphas, Betas, Gammas, Deltas, lowly Epsilons. Men, thousands of men and women, were produced in masses. Man had lost the gift of emotion and will: knowledge was poured into the sleeping mind. He could no longer work and train his mind with study and experience; the mighty hands of the State molded him, shaped him, added another nameless link to the mighty chain. Convenience offered the tempting luxury of ease; man became spiritually weak. Why study? Sleep teaching was easy, painless. Why worry? Soma could ease your pain. The brave new world was splendid; the brave new world was also wicked.

The filth of the savage reservation concealed some beneficial elements. To the cringing eyes of Bernard

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# MANUAL

Mary Overholser

Here is a hand, but it's asleep so it doesn't know we're watching. It's a pretty hand, feminine hand with long careful nails and smooth skin. You know it's usually in a glove. We're lucky to find it outside.

Hand, what have you done in your life? What are you good for? Can you knit, or smooth a child's hair? Have you felt a fevered brow or hunted for pretty pebbles under the sea? Have you ever worn a painted face and used your thumb as a mouth to talk for giggling children? Have you ever made yourself into the silhouette of a rabbit or hooked your thumbs and flapped your fingers like a bird? Do you know how to pop your knuckles so little boys will laugh? Are you sensitive enough to read Braille? You have no scars to remind you of childhood. You've never pricked yourself with a needle or burned yourself on the stove. You've never fed a crippled bird with a medicine dropper, or dug in the yard and found a worm. You have fed a goldfish, but you would not lift one out of the bowl and bury it if you found it dead. And you can't imagine any fun in building a mud dam on the little creek. You don't know the sensation of hitting a home run, or of making a perfect crisp shot. You've never known the loving sandpaper of a dog's lick, except in repulsion.

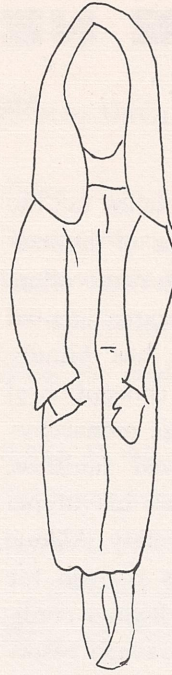
Hand, how much you have missed! You love to wear rings and be held and smoothed and kissed.

Oh—we were wrong. We thought you were just asleep, but now we see you'll never wake up—really.

## JOY

Jody Nelson

What is joy?  
Joy is contentment,  
Pride in work,  
A feeling of gladness  
Over a good job.

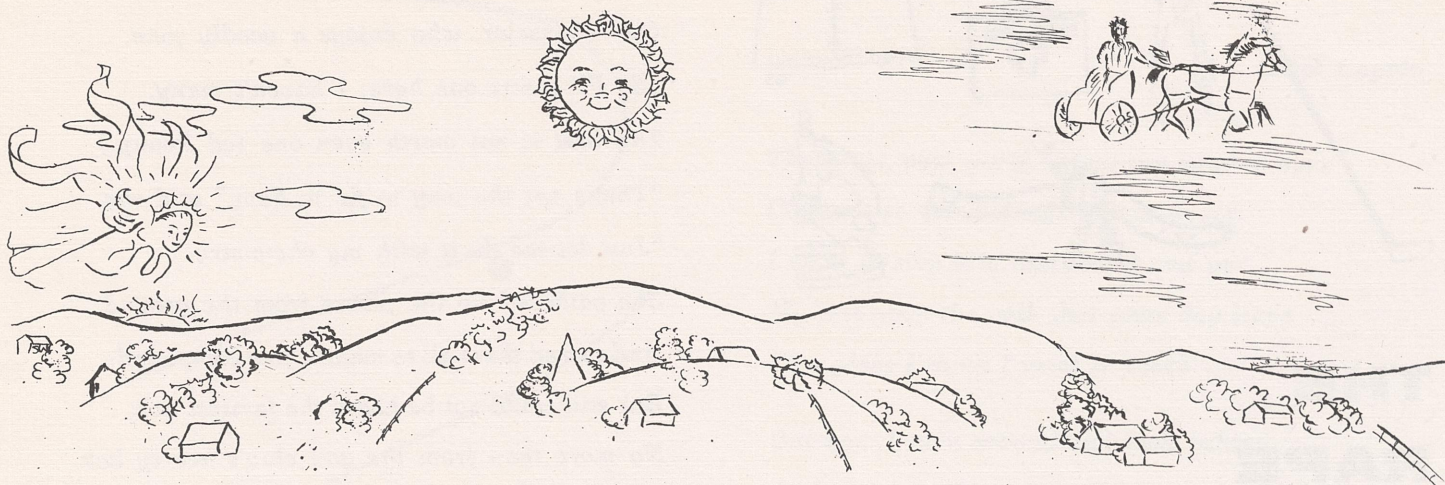


## AUTUMN

Carol Copple

*They often say that spring's alive  
And autumn almost dead.  
Have you ever seen a beautiful girl  
Dressed and ready for bed—  
Her cheeks aglow, her blue eyes shine  
As she combs her chestnut hair.  
Then at last she gets in bed  
And lays her weariness there.  
She pulls the quilt up to her chin  
And wiggles her toes and dreams.  
When morning comes she dons a dress  
Of palest pinks and greens,  
A lovely sight so fresh and light.  
But who is there to say  
That she is more lovely in the morn  
Than at the close of day?  
When dressed in scarlet flannels  
Her bright blue eyes alight,  
She thinks about the wonderful day  
She'll dream of through the night.*





## THE CYCLE

Mary Dale Trabue

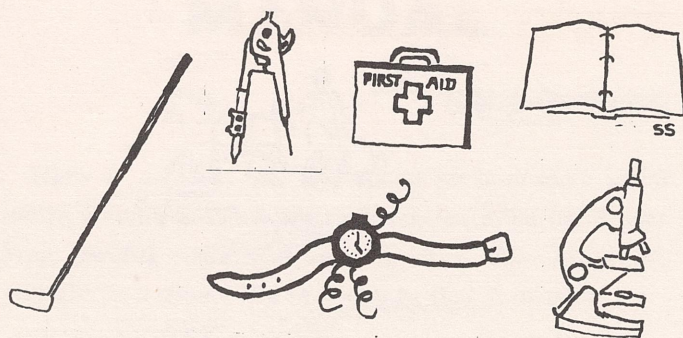
*At early dawn Aurora brings the day;  
With clouds of gold she wreathes the plains and hills.  
Each flower sparkles with a yellow ray;  
The world with saffron light the goddess fills.*

*At noon the sun his ruddy face does show,  
A disc of crimson flame against the blue,  
A ball of fiery red, a scarlet glow  
That colors all the earth with brilliant hue.*

*The orange-red of noontime slowly fades:  
The weary sun at dusk moves toward the West;  
As golden rays give way to sombre shades,  
In purple clouds the Earth is laid to rest.*

*And life is like Apollo's trail of light;  
Youth's golden glory fades in depths of night.*





## THE RAPE OF THE CLOCK

Margaret Dyer

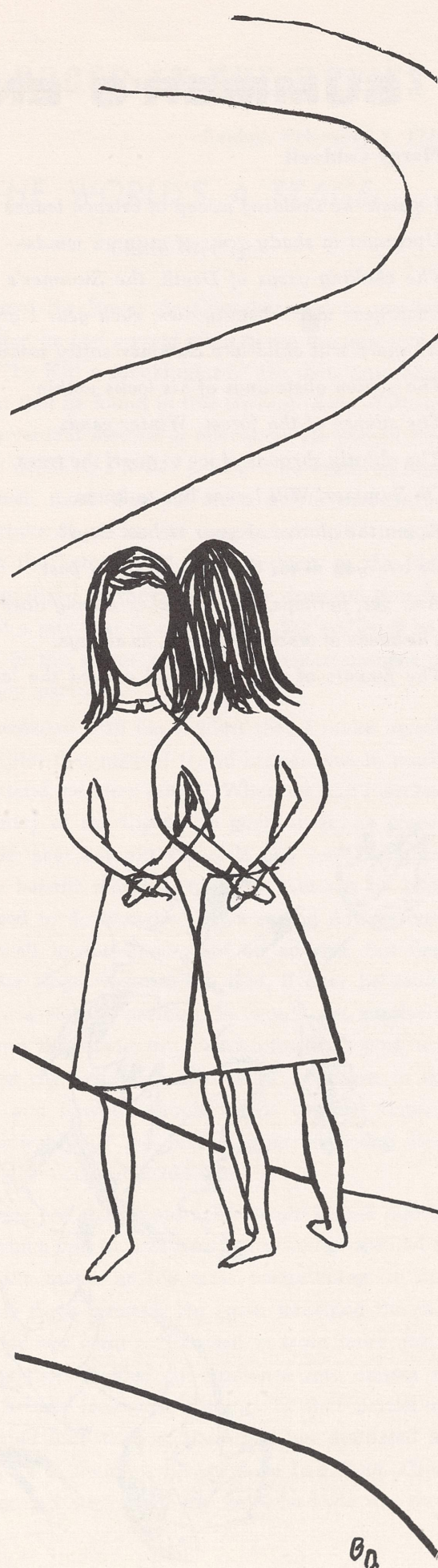
Oh, heavenly Muse, who seest and knowest all,  
Send thy great blessings down on Harpeth Hall,  
And on thy humble servant, who in rhyme,  
Will tell the tale of one day lost in time.

'Twas on a Monday morning, bright and chill,  
It happened, on that beauty-crowned hill,  
That Wondrous Ro, the keeper of the clock,  
Engaged in telling off her famished flock,  
Did reckon that the watch upon her wrist  
Was silent now; she stopped indeed to list,  
And seeing that its insides yet were out,  
She then began to moan and scream and shout,  
"What shall I do? Oh woe, alack, alas!  
There'll be no bell to toll the changing class!"  
The clamor brought the teachers near and far  
From First Aid's mouldy Hell to English star.  
Such was the terror that there came as well  
Our high exalted leader, Idanelle,  
Who took a golf club from its handy rack,  
And gave that wristwatch one exalted whack.

"Strike not that goodly timepiece!" firmly spoke  
Our counselor, who enjoys a goodly joke.  
(So I'll insert one here; I haven't many.  
The best is not worth even one red Penny.)  
"That's not the way to fix it, Sam," said she.  
"Just let me do it with my chemistry."  
She gathered up the pieces from the ground,  
And mixed them all to make a fine compound.  
But still could not be heard the faintest tick,  
No more than from the golf club's hearty lick.  
"If Penny has been forced to step aside,  
Then naught can save us now!" the teachers cried...  
But Hollingsworth-the-Ripper said, "I can!  
Just place it here in my dissecting pan."  
She seized her scalpel and her microscope  
And 'mongst the tiny pieces she did grope,  
Then sighed and said, "Repairing's not my art.  
I'm better skilled in taking frogs apart."  
Then Ruth and Frances, being full of pluck,  
Stepped up to have a look and try their luck.  
Both of these charming ladies came prepared  
With compass, straight edge, logs, and  $\pi r$  squared.  
They measured angles, added, figured, drew  
With so great effort that their fuses blew.  
They turned around with sad and woeful look.  
"We just can't find it in the answer book."  
Then Violet Jane came in to speak her piece:  
"I don't agree with Muzzey in the least.  
Sophronia, Dorothea—they're with me.  
We'll send the problems off to R. E. Lee!"  
Pat Henry up to heaven turned her face  
With anguished, "O tempora, O mores!"  
Varina then herself too up the cry,  
And started in to quote, "Nam ceterae."  
Ella Puryear admired the forceful way  
In which they spoke; she shouted out "Ole!"

(Continued on page 28)





## TWO ROADS

Carol Copple

*The great, vast world before my longing eyes  
Contains so many things I want to see.  
I want to step into that world and put  
My feet upon the path that some day leads  
To a place I think I want to reach.*

*But now I turn around and look behind  
And see a world of light laughter and high joy:  
To run downstairs on Christmas morning, and  
To kick off shoes and cares and wade downstream,  
And circus tents and ferris wheels and snow;  
To hold on fast, slide down ice-crested hills  
And go tumbling, laughing, headfirst in the snow;  
To run to catch the gaily tinkling ice-cream cart  
With skirts and hair windtossed and blowing free.  
So many things I cannot leave behind,  
But cannot take along for they're not "done"  
Upon the road which stretches out ahead.  
And as I stand, these lovely things take hold—  
The free spontaneous joy of being young  
Pulls at my heart and grasps my inmost soul,  
While hope, ambition, challenge clutch me too—  
The future and the past: youth's call and the  
Insistent beckon of maturity.  
It seems as though I will be torn in two,  
And half of me will go forth on one path,  
The path toward future, a hard road and steep;  
That part will never take a backward look.  
The other half will skip back down the road  
From which I came: the road of youth and joy.  
And never will I be quite whole again.*

*Suppose that I could take a piece along  
Not all—I would not like to be a child*

(Continued on page 31)



## PASSION

Tekla Travis

*Passion is alive—  
It burns in men's eyes.  
It tears from their souls.  
It burns,  
It bites,  
It bruises.  
Passion is wild—  
It strains from the soul in confusion.  
Or passion is calm  
And flows from the heart in peace.  
Passion makes a man.  
It gives purpose to living.  
Passion forces man to live.*

## SUMMER'S END

Margy Caldwell

*I watch the skidding sweep of crispen leaves  
Upcaught in shady arms of autumn winds—  
The choking gasps of Death, the Summer's end.  
Each year warm beauty dies; each year I grieve.  
No more will child-like Summer softly weave  
The golden glistenings of his locks within  
The silence of the forest; Winter sends  
The ghostly shrouds of ice to gnarl the trees.  
Oh Summer! Will I ever live to know  
Again the glories of your richest days?  
Or are you dead, the dust of hours past?  
And yet, perhaps, when Mother Spring does sow  
The seeds of tender Summer, as always,  
The flowers of next year will exceed the last.*

## CHILDISH THINGS

Dot Stamps

*A savage jungle is the wood;  
The trees are ladders to the sky.  
A pebble dams a mighty stream  
Where sloping sand-box deserts lie.  
  
Small minnowed pools are fishing ports;  
White castles rise from swirling sand.  
Fleet paper schooners skim the sea;  
The wind-swept beach turns treasureland.  
  
When racing sleds span icy slopes,  
And forts of snow feel battle's sting,  
Small mittened hands spark blazing fires  
And search for signs of early spring.  
  
Sleek paper planes soar in the wind  
And fly among the playground swings.  
A child—a future—reaches out . . .  
The world is full of childish things.*





## SIR ROGER AT THE MOVIES

No. 336.

Friday, February 7, 1712

### ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE . . .

Claire McCoy

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley said to me last evening that he had a great mind to see the new movie in town "To Kill a Mockingbird." He then proceeded to explain that he found in this current mode of diversion a convenient method of education. He owned that he should needs be a better person if he ventured himself in town more often to see a movie because he could partake of the cup of experience of life just by observing the behavior of the characters in the film. As he moralized further, Sir Roger declared that he thought it a pity that most people in the audience had no mind to the moral value of the entertainment of which they partook.

In accordance with his request that I make myself one with him that night, I found his car was in readiness to attend me after dinner. When we had marched up the entry of the theater in good order, he placed him in the seat betwixt the aisle and me. Being resolved to benefit morally from the evening, he bade me proceed to do likewise. Upon seeing Atticus conduct himself in the manner of an adoring but firm parent, Sir Roger assured me that, if ever he found himself in a similar position, he would act similarly. Throughout the movie, my friend informed me of how he applied the situations he saw to situations in his own life and how he should needs conduct himself more admirably in the future after observing how someone else conducted himself.

When we left the theater, Sir Roger placed him in his car, which was in readiness for us and proceeded to criticize the movie as the most enlightening he had seen these three months. He again lamented the fact that he had not ventured himself in town more often. Sir Roger then divided the audience into classes as to their benefit from the evening. In that particular he regretted that more of them had not discussed its applicability to their own lives as he had done. Then, as his car had stopped at my gate, he bade me good night.

## VOYAGE TO THE ISLAND OF THE PRETENDALOTS

Martha Hilton

Having hit my head on a rock after my fall from an airplane while on my way to Europe, I was unconscious for three days. When I awoke I found myself in a bed surrounded by several strange-looking people. The funny thing about these people was that they all wore masks of different sizes, shapes, and styles. I soon learned that I had fallen onto the island of the Pretendalots and that the Jones family had taken me into their home; I was to stay there until I was completely well.

During my stay I saw much of the family and some of the other mask-wearing islanders. Mr. Jones wore rhinestones on his mask; when I asked someone why, I was only told that his neighbor wore diamonds on his mask. The lady of the house wore a very broad smile, seven and a half inches to be exact, painted on her mask. She always told me that she did so love taking care of me, that she was so happy I had come to the island, and that I was no bother to her whatever. Changette Jones was a most interesting young girl. She wore a different mask every day. Her choice depended upon her companion at the moment. At times her mask had a high forehead, a wide space between the eyes, and horn-rimmed glasses half an inch thick. But at other times she wore big question marks on the cheeks of her mask and a cap with the word *duncette* written on it. Several times I saw Changette painting basketballs and footballs in the eyes of her mask as she was getting ready to go out on a date. The whole family was fond of Changette's boy friend. He wore a mask with the names of the royal family and other celebrities stuck on it, but the names were constantly dropping off the mask. One of Changette's friend's, Misty Smith, wore a mask made of wire covered with dark cloth. That's all I know about her. These masks are the only ones I met because my visit was short. As soon as I was well, the airplane came back to get me and take me to Europe.



## MY GARDEN

Mary Weaver

Last year in the spring, I began a vegetable garden which yielded miracles. As the warming sun grew more friendly, it dared me to cease other activities and discover the earth's capacity. My mother studied the flower illustrations, but I continued to investigate serious, sturdy vegetables. I avariciously invited some twenty coveted miracles, and only the peas and carrots failed me. For sport I planted pumpkins; for novelty, gourds and peanuts.

I shoveled and hoed beneath the changing sky, the brown earth under my feet. I uncovered slimy worms and grotesque grubs. As the summer advanced, I learned to identify the tints of green and the leaves emerging from the hidden seeds.

At times I became obsessed with the rhythm of the hoe. In the afternoon the birds were still, but in the early morning and at dusk, I heard their calls. Sometimes the cat came for company darting beneath the upraised tool. Often the dog lay near for security. At times I felt compelled to break the silence with a word.

The broken dirt was spongy beneath my feet. It was gritty inside my tennis shoes and between my toes. I shed my shoes as the sun warmed the ground, and dug in a shower of dirt my feet buried in the moist earth. The rough roots of the Bermuda grass and the heavy, tangled clods turned by the plow enraged me. My soft fingers and palms blistered, then responded with unsightly but welcomed callouses.

The moist earth smelled fresh. The juice of green plants was sticky sweet on my hands. Sometimes the cat or dog left a sharper scent.

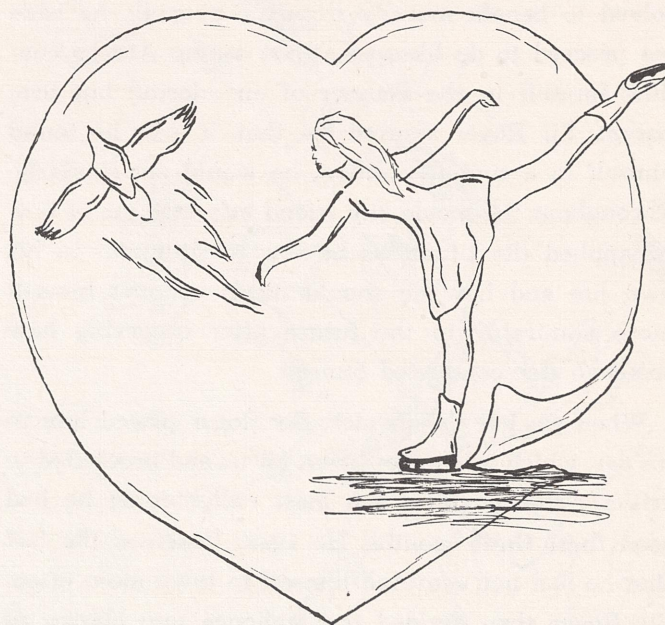
In my garden, I released energy, and many problems solved themselves as I dug mechanically. I found miracles.

## ICE SCULPTOR

Gene Bilbro

*The swish and slice of cutting blades upon  
The frozen water are but sounds to me.  
I watch the figures that unknowingly  
They carve. In gold and silver sparks the pond  
Flies out to melt in air, or cling to some  
Extending twig that stretches up to see  
The work of the ice sculptor. Yet to me  
Each figure made turns my heart cold and numb.*

*In my hidden presence, like a dove  
He flies. His slashing blades their vengeance show.  
Of the bitter talk they shape with art,  
Of the maiden—once my only love—  
The blades seem unaware: they cannot know  
They carve her memory in my frozen heart.*





# TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD

By Harper Lee

Ellen Stone

*The Pulitzer Prize-winning novel To Kill a Mockingbird by Harper Lee was written to illustrate the problems of a young girl's environment in finding herself and in trying to grow up.*

This story takes place in the early 1930's during the depression. Although Jean Louise Finch, commonly called Scout, knew and cared little about the economic welfare of the world, her life was affected by the hard times of the depression. As a result, Scout had very few luxuries in her early life, but she was well taken care of by Calpurnia, the maid, since she had no mother.

Atticus Finch and his family lived in the small town of Maycomb, Alabama. As in most small towns of the South there was a court house on the square, the sheriff's office, a sprinkling of stores, several houses, and a school. When Scout started to school she came in contact with the different types of people in Maycomb. Some were better off than she, yet there were several who couldn't afford to bring any lunch to school and were therefore looked upon as trash. Scout spent much time puzzling and worrying about her schoolmates.

The adults of Maycomb also baffled Scout with their ideas, especially their feelings toward Negroes. Scout could find nothing wrong with Negroes. She couldn't understand why people said bad things about her father for defending a Negro in court.

Like Scout, many children are faced with problems, ideas, and actions that they can't understand. However in overcoming these obstacles one becomes a stronger, wiser person with a greater character.

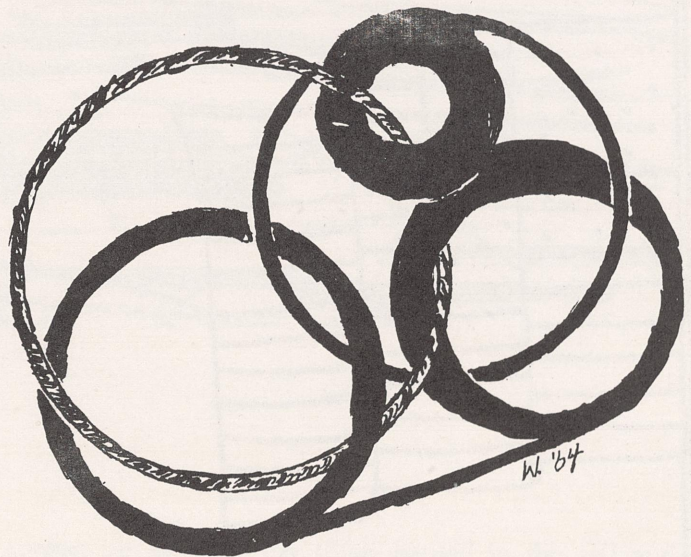
# THE CIRCLE

Patty Delony

The circle is mankind's universal symbol. Since it never begins and never ends, it has been used as a symbol of God's great love for all men. The circle, in the form of a wedding ring, is also symbolic of human love.

Life is an eternal circle. We are created from nothing; we live our lives, and then we die and return to nothing. The seed which will grow into a plant is created; the plant grows and makes a seed, and then it dies, leaving its seed to carry on the process of life.

The earth itself is circular in shape. Physically, it has no beginning or end, but it began once; therefore, it must eventually end, for thus is the circle of all life.



# ALONE

Becky Osborn

*Stricken and tormented,*

*Fallen to the ground,*

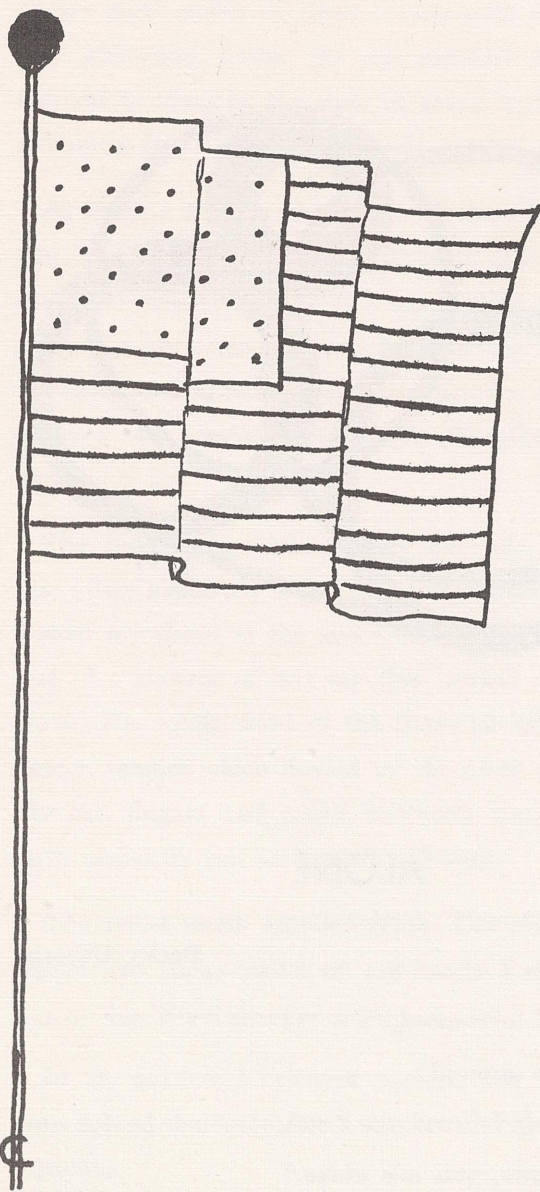
*Within myself I heard the truth,*

*"You are alone, you are alone."*



# WHAT CAN I DO?

Margaret Dyer



*I read the paper just the other day.  
I read about the Russians and Cuba,  
About the Chinese and South Viet Nam,  
About us and Panama.  
I asked myself, "What can I do  
To insure freedom? I am just a child."  
I saw Old Glory waving on his staff;  
I shouted, "What can a child do?  
You must know." He answered,  
"That is something you must think out for yourself."  
"Well," I said, "I ought to read the paper more,  
To really understand the happenings of the world.  
Before I try to learn about the world  
I'll have to learn about America—  
Its origins, its life, its government,  
Its people, and its lands. I ought to take advantage  
Of the things I'm free to do—  
To learn the truth, to worship God, to speak my mind—  
Not everyone on earth has all these liberties.  
I ought to bear in mind the stock I come from,  
Those hardy pioneers who wanted land  
Where they could live the way they thought was right.  
They fought and died to give me what I have.  
Will I be weak enough to let it slip away?  
No! I will fight, too!  
But I can't insure World Freedom by myself.  
Remember, I am just a child.  
But surely someone watches me, admires me,  
Does the things I do. If he will follow me  
There will be two of us to fight.  
And if we win the first few battles, others  
Then will join.  
We'll do the things a child can do,  
And we will wait.  
Soon we will be adults,  
And we will do the things adults can do  
To keep freedom for our children—  
—Have I guessed it? Am I right?"  
Old Glory never said a word to me.  
He only looked, and smiled a bit,  
And waved.*





## INTERLUDE

Denis Sarratt

I sat impatiently in my little "Dutchman." The sun was blazing down, and there was not a whisper of wind. There I sat, loosely hanging onto my limp line with one hand, and resting the other on the tiller. All over the lake not a single boat moved, not a sail fluttered. As the morning wore on, the hotter it grew, and the more tired I grew. I decided to lie back and take a cat-nap. As I lay there, wondering what in the world we would do if Regatta Day were this still, I failed to notice the commotion at the other end of the lake. There I lay, half asleep, half cooked by the sun. I dabbled my fingers in the cool water. Suddenly my sheet line went flying through my relaxed hand. I

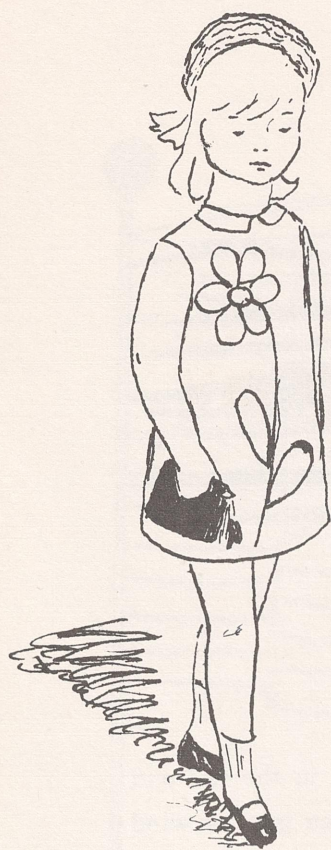
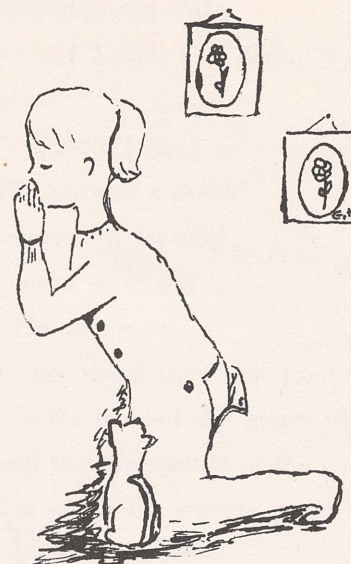
sprang up, grabbed my tiller, hauled in the sail and set my course. Where had this sudden gust of wind come from? My sail tugged against me, but I restrained it. This was really sailing! The wind blew all around me, the water lapped at the hull of the boat unceasingly, and the fine spray stung my face. I decided to come about and set my boat on a different tack. With every muscle tensed, I pushed the tiller hard away from me to turn the boat. As I came around, suddenly the sail relaxed and all was still again. The wind had left as suddenly as it had come. Did I dream up that wind? No, I guess not. There was nothing to do now except to worry about getting back to the dock.



# I'LL TAKE YOUR HAND

Junelle McGaw

*My child, why do you hesitate to pray?  
Why won't you to my altar come and kneel?  
Is it because you fear you cannot feel  
My presence in your thoughts? Is it the way,  
The puzzling way, my people try to say  
That I am God? You know that I am real,  
And yet you are not sure—as if you feel  
My touch, yet doubt. My child, I bid you stay.  
I bid you stay; you do not understand  
My ways, and yet your very questions show  
A longing for a faith that's deep and rare,  
A need for patience and a guiding hand  
To lead you heavenward. You must reach out—  
My child, I'll take your hand and lead you there.*



## MOONBEAMS

Carol Copple

*The Moon lets down her silvery tresses, soft and sweet.  
I run to touch the magic strands;  
When I reach the spot, where is the lustrous hair?  
Only the slightest fragrance ling'ring in the air  
To suggest that balmy moonbeams have been there.*

*On a crisp October day, I see the shadow of a "V"  
Across my path—the wild geese winging south,  
But when I look up, where could they be?  
Only the slightest rustle of wings floats back to me,  
To suggest that there was beauty I was too slow  
to see.*

*If I forever try to capture moonbeams,  
Of what good would my life be?  
But the rustle of the beauty  
I tried to see,  
And the fragrance of the night air when the moon-  
beams flee;  
These glimpses of beauty would become a part of me.  
Finding beauty, loving beauty;  
Sharing beauty, living beauty,  
The most blessed life of all.*



## RAIN

Genevieve Steele

*The rain falls  
Sharply, softly;  
The hills are haze  
Far in the distance.  
Why do people  
Call the sound  
Rain makes  
Pitter-patter?  
That's not it—  
Missing the wonder!  
Rain makes a sound  
No mortal lips  
Can form.  
Strange and familiar,  
Wild and soft,  
Rain falls.*



## I PASS RIGHT BY

Wendy Lawrence

*I pass right by the tiny rose in bud;  
I shield my eyes from stark, white light at noon;  
I hiss at rain and plow on through the mud;  
I have to reach my goal, and reach it soon.*

*My family must not hinder me at all,  
It is of small importance in my life;  
I cease to listen for a friend's soft call;  
I cut through time just conscious of my strife.*

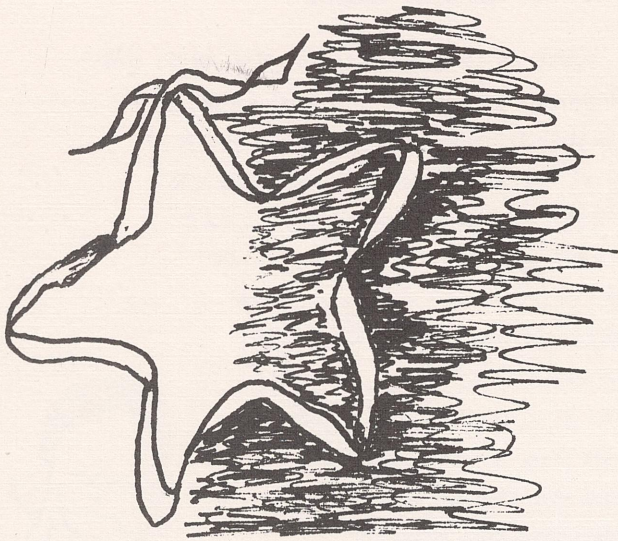
*One day to come I will have time to rest,  
When I don't have my youth to drive me fast,  
But now I must keep up and do my best,  
Not wait, nor pause to see what I have passed.*

*O, God, please stop my dash and fill my mind  
With all around me—all I rush to find.*



## THE SEAMSTRESS

Dot Stamps



*The night sky is a tattered robe  
That sweeps a painted hill  
At the pink seam called horizon,  
Where patchwork dark lies still.*

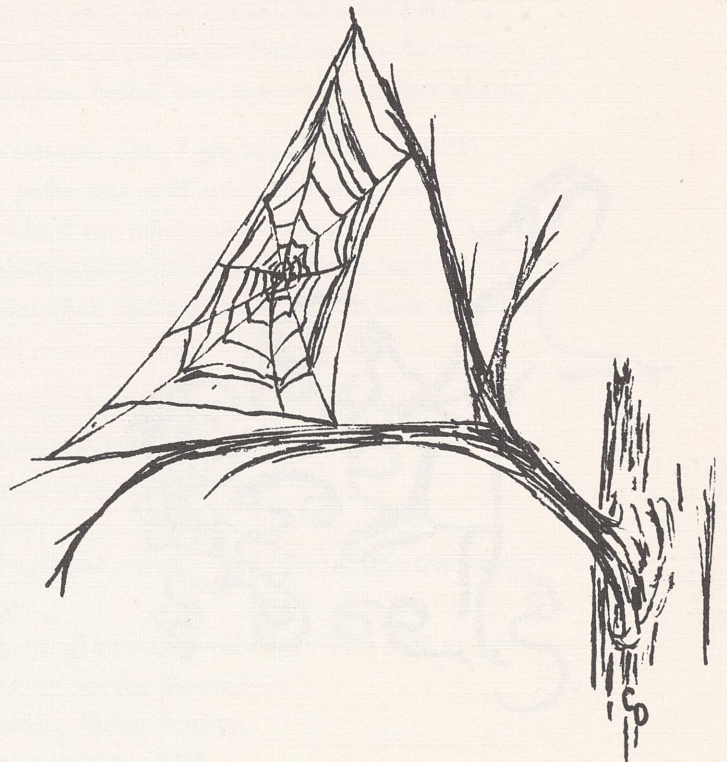
*The young sun's rays are needles  
That work the rosy thread  
Of palest, softest sunrise,  
As the day creeps overhead.*

*The tattered robe soon mended,  
Till dark it's packed away;  
And the morning star is a silver knot  
That ties the night to day.*

## TAPESTRY

Dot Stamps

*The slender crystal needles of the rain  
Fall shining into patchwork meadowlands,  
And hem a silken pool in every lane  
With myriads of graceful spiral bands.  
A curious spider mounts a lily stalk  
To see the prism drops strung into place;  
And bursting crystal fountains on the walk  
Turn greying cobwebs into beaded lace.  
A window lets me wonder at the rain;  
I watch her needlework from overhead;  
And yet I feel imprisoned by the pane  
And held apart—until the silver thread  
That stitches gleaming pearls into the grass  
Embroiders paisley patterns on the glass.*







## HE WALKED IN SUMMER'S SUN

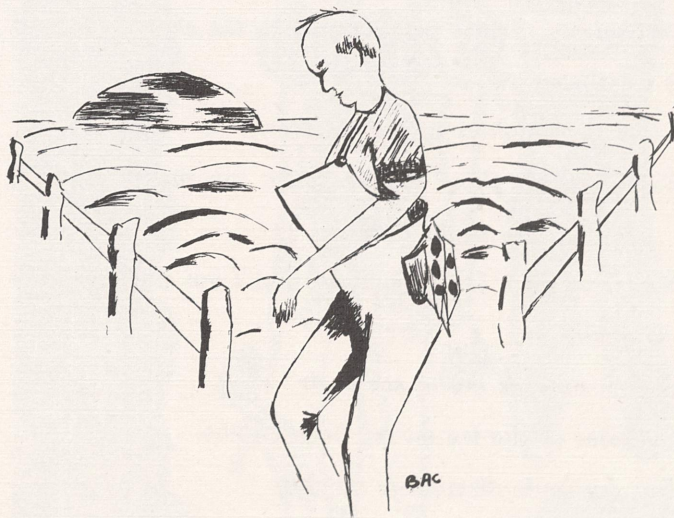
Martha Hailey

*He walked in summer's sun soft-suffused  
O'er mountain paths, 'neath deeply dipping boughs;  
With summer's moon he ran. His passions roused,  
And in the summer's white light made his bed.  
The summer's dew awoke and nourished  
His morning spirit; and in his body housed  
A myriad of joys. He yet allowed  
His mind on worldly pleasures to be fed.  
He leaves the summer, green and gold and new,  
To seek in gloom the winter's sensual pain  
And pleasure. He walks in somber, dreary night  
Midst earthy, bundled bodies heavy dew'd  
With winter's cold; but summer once again  
With faithful, delicate cheer will receive his flight.*

## THE RETURN

Louise Bilbro

*The wind blew coolly in the evening air,  
As the farmer returned from the fields.  
The gusts slapped sharply at his whitened hair,  
As the farmer returned from the fields.  
The dust was caked on the withered brow,  
As his day of toil was done;  
His hands were chaffed from the stubborn plow;  
He came to a sleep well won.  
The sun set slowly in the distant west,  
As the farmer returned from the fields.  
God put all his children to rest,  
When the farmer returned from the fields.*





# I AM A POND

Lou Cornelius

Yes, believe it or not,  
I am a pond,  
Part pig-pond  
And part cow-pond.  
  
Actually, I am more a pig-pond  
Than a cow-pond  
Because I serve pigs  
More often than cows.  
(By the way, I am also available to hogs and boy cows.)  
  
All day long during the fall  
I just sit in my big deep hole  
Hoping some kind of pig or cow  
(or hog or boy cow, as the case may be)  
Will come and tickle my surface  
With her or his soft tongue.  
  
Now during the long winter months  
I get very cold indeed.  
In fact sometimes I even freeze  
(And you know why, too; it's cause of the tempera-  
ture.)  
In the winter I miss the soft tongues of  
My animal friends.  
Instead my surface gets scraped by the sharp blades of  
ice skates.  
I like the laughter of the children.  
Even though those skates cause me many injuries,  
usually only slight though,  
Sometimes the children think that I am stronger than  
I really am  
And it amuses me to see their  
Surprise as the ice on my back cracks.  
But my smile disappears quickly  
Because I know that it is my duty

To keep those children from falling into me;  
Therefore, I hold my breath and bloat my stomach  
Trying to hold the children up until they can move  
away.

Some ponds lose their strength  
And regretfully see children be swallowed up by them;  
I think I would absolutely dry up  
If ever my neglect caused this to happen.

In the spring I am treated with extreme kindness  
By the pigs and cows (and hogs and boy cows)  
And also by the eager children  
Who love to play hooky  
And come to rub my back.  
In the summer I get terribly scorched  
By the hot summer sun.  
But fortunately the animals and children  
Come to sooth me with their caresses.

# THE DARKEST EVENING

Jody Nelson

Whose grades these are I think I know.  
They will not please my parents though;  
With sixty-five they start right here;  
You guess what's next as down they go.  
  
Perhaps I am a little queer  
Waiting until the grades are here  
To dread this bad report, to make  
This evening darkest of the year.  
  
My pa will give his head a shake  
And ask if there is some mistake.  
My grades he'll say should make me weep  
And as he talks my knees will quake.  
  
Good marks I never seemed to seek—  
Now for this attitude I weep;  
I've Pa to face before I sleep.  
Yes, Pa to face before I sleep.



*THERE'S  
A  
DIFFERENCE*

Gene Billbro

*A blush-pink face,  
Ruffles, lace,  
Petticoats, toys,  
Kittens, and boys—  
That's a little girl.*

*Mud and stones,  
A puppy's bones,  
A top that twirls,  
But never girls—  
That's a little boy.*







## THE INWARD EYE

Genevieve Steele

Tomorrow is Saturday, and the papers say it will be clear and warm, though rather breezy, just like an April day is supposed to be, but seldom is. I'm going to take my little brother Allen and my dogs Prince and Duchess, and we're going off over the hills. Our goal will be the Dyer Observatory, but we'll not hurry.

Allen is only seven, but he's the best hiker in the family, and he is so eager to learn; he's always asking questions. The vinca and the violets and the morning glories are all out, and the trees are just beginning to leaf. He'll want to know about those—and the rocks, too. We're both rockhounds, among other things. I think we'll eat our lunch by Radnor Lake, so we can see the birds, and maybe we'll happen on that heron I once saw. Then we'll hike on over a few more hills that probably haven't been seen since the Confederates retreated. On the last uphill haul I'll send Allen ahead, because I'll want to be alone. This is my favorite haunt of all the places I love. Right there in the trail is a rock to sit on, and the loveliest "view" in the state of Tennessee. The fields stretch on in their varied colors like a patch-work quilt with snake-and-rider fences as the embroidered seams. A few horses are in one pasture, and they'll fling up their tails and race around, showing off their sun-colored coats. When I leave that spot, it will be dusk, and we can go into the observatory. Of all the sciences, astronomy is the loveliest. I want to see my old favorites again, the Pleiades, and I'll show Allen the constellations, too; Orion, Cepheus, Cassiopeia, Leo, the Bears, and the Summer Triangle. By the time we're through, it will be late, and Papa will come and get us and take us home to sleep soundly.



# THE PUNISHMENT OF LORD JIM

Martha Hailey

*Lord Jim*, which was first published in 1900, is a classic of English literature; yet this work was written by a man who was not a native Englishman. Joseph Conrad, the brilliant writer of English prose and the author of *Lord Jim*, was born Teodor Josef Konrad Korziniowski in the Ukraine. At the age of twenty-nine he became a naturalized English citizen. He loved England passionately. He spoke of his adopted land and "the spirit that dwells within the land, under the sky, in its air, in its valleys, and on its rises, in its fields, in its waters and its trees—a mute friend, judge, and inspirer." Conrad knew the sea almost as well as he knew England. Many of his novels were written "against the background of his intimate knowledge of the sea."<sup>1</sup> In *Lord Jim*, Conrad combines his love of England and his experience at sea to tell the story of a young man torn from his homeland, England, and from his passion, the sea, because of the mistake made in one terrible moment. Conrad presents a study of human nature in the character of Lord Jim. The author shows that this man's punishment for a mistake of human character was that of self-inflicted mental torture.

Jim was the mate aboard the *Patna* when he was forced to make a crucial decision. Should he remain with the ship which he believed to be doomed, or should he jump and save himself? Jim, the lover of adventure, the man who worshipped courage, decided to remain with his ship; yet Jim, the man he himself did not know, at last chose to leave the ship and jump "into a well—into an everlasting deep hole." He was placed on trial and exposed to the ridicule of all who knew of the incident. At the trial Jim was banned from service as a seaman. Jim decided never to return to his home, never to be forced to face those whom he loved most. He became a wanderer employed first in one place, then in another. He ran from discovery, for he could not bear to have others think of him as "a disgrace to human nature." In all his wanderings he never came to realize that his reputation preceded him. He never understood that there were many men who were quite ready to forget his

mistake. Egström, one of Jim's employers, upon hearing that Jim had been among the crew of the *Patna*, summed up the feelings of many men in his own brand of eloquence: "and who the devil cares about that?"

Jim lived for an opportunity, the chance to redeem himself. He wanted redemption not only in the eyes of others but also in his own eyes. He believed with all his being that "'some day one's bound to come upon some sort of a chance to get it all back again.'" It seemed to Jim that no one, not even his friend Marlow, could understand this desire; however, Jim did at last meet a man who understood him. This man was Stein, and Stein was the one who provided Jim with the opportunity for redemption. This "wealthy and respected merchant" revealed the secret of Jim's character when he said, "I understand him well. He is romantic." As a romantic Jim could not forgive himself for his mistake. A great adventure had confronted him as he stood on the decks of the *Patna*, but he had turned his back and sought security. This he could not forget. His romantic nature and his desire to prove himself able to meet adventure drove Jim to the remote tropical settlement of Patusan.

Because of his bravery, Jim became Lord Jim, the undeclared ruler of Patusan. However, he could not, even then, satisfy his craving to prove his worth. Despite all his many conquests, Jim had yet to face his ultimate challenge—the choice between life and death. When at last the challenge was presented to him, Jim met it with a courage which approached foolhardiness; yet he approached his choice with the spirit of adventure. He had climbed the long road back to self-respect. He ended his mental suffering. He could face himself once more. He met death with the courage of a man. It can only be guessed whether or not he was satisfied when he died.

"He passes away under a cloud, inscrutable at heart, forgotten, unforgiven, and excessively romantic." This was Marlow's epitaph for Jim. Yet was Jim unforgiven? If forgiveness, like suffering, can be self-imposed, then Jim died forgiven in full for his one terrible mistake.

<sup>1</sup> Webster's Biographical Dictionary, 1959, p. 341.



## SONNET TO A CHILD

Margaret Dyer

*Ah, child of innocence, you are misnamed,  
For you have seen the bright, gold paradise,  
The green Elysium that the Poet claimed  
We saw before we made our sacrifice.  
You have not learned of hatred and of greed,  
Of jealousy, that turns a heart to stone.  
You have not felt the gnawing teeth of Need,  
Or seen that grief of Spirit overthrown.  
You still live with your soul lost in the sky,  
Borne singing up by angels to the sun.  
You've felt the joy of learning how to fly;  
You and the nightingale, dear child, are one.  
Oh, child, we are the sons of innocence,  
And you the one who has experience.*



## SONNET AT SEVENTEEN

Margaret Dyer

*The woes of seventeen are absolute,  
An icy chasm, valley of despair.  
Its joys, like notes from some sweet magic flute,  
Go heavenward soaring on the summer air.  
A blossom blushing pink upon the tree  
Is seventeen, a pale and lovely rose.  
It withers and re-opens ceaselessly,  
And wishes it knew why it has to close.  
Then seventeen is like that kind of day  
When clouds and showers play tag with the sun.  
They laugh and cry and shout and run away,  
But none of them knows just which way to run.  
Perhaps we are forgetting all too soon  
The golden palaces beyond the moon.*

## SONNET TO AN AGING LADY

Margaret Dyer

*The summer days of your long life are gone,  
And in their place, the autumn nights grow chill;  
The wintry fires glow into embers, till  
The warmth and light die out, the ash turns stone.  
The spring bloomed here once, very long ago,  
With roses in fair cheeks, and violet eyes  
Whose looks inspired a thousand longing sighs—  
The rose is faded now; no violets grow.  
Why does the garden still not blossom? Could  
It have been that one sigh found your heart,  
And found a welcome there, perhaps? And then  
Perhaps, it went its way once more? It should  
Have lingered there, not hastened to depart,  
For spring will never come this way again.*





## THE DARK SKYLINE

Jane West

*It's a long, long way home,  
And I do not want to go by myself;  
The hills are far and wide,  
And I, I wish you were here again.*

*It's been such a long time;  
My love, you've been gone so many years,  
And when will I see you?  
Oh, I do wish you were here.*

*You—You brought me here,  
To the city and the dirt and the grime,*

*And then you left and—Oh, my God!  
I wish you were here again.*

*I hate the city, oh, how I hate it;  
I love the hills—to roam there  
Is all I need, next to you.  
If only you were here again!*

*It's cold and damp and foggy now,  
But in the hills, it's mist and dew.  
You made them all disappear,  
And then you did—why aren't you here?*

*But I must go back now—back home.  
I guess I'll never see you again,  
But then why should I love you?  
I needed you and you were never here.*



THE RAPE OF THE CLOCK—(continued from page 10)

Then Madame and Mrs. Roberts tried to sell  
A plan they'd hatched. It might have worked quite well.  
Alas, their team won't play; it's on the bench,  
For their great scheme was written all in French.  
Then Pat Moran arrived with bandage white.  
Said she, "Don't get the tourniquet too tight!"  
(If ever you are injured, have a care!  
She thinks she's Casey, or perhaps Kildare.)  
Quote Patty Chadwell (whose cherished dream  
Is playing on our next Olympic team),  
"I just can't understand why clocks won't run!  
That exercise has ne'er hurt anyone."  
Then Martha Gregory said, "Ah yet, 'tis true,  
George Washington would know just what to do!"  
But Mary Vic, she counseled, "For my part  
I'd rather try that old medieval art.  
For turning baser metals into gold  
Will work on anything, or so I'm told."  
Mrs. Rasmussen engrossed was she withal  
In Emerson, Thoreau and basketball.  
The only clock she knows, (and it's a dandy),  
Is that which ticks the seconds off for Vandy.  
Mrs. Overholser only sat and smiled  
For she had known the answer all the while.  
She called upon the brilliant Penstaff elf  
(None but the genius President herself)  
Who said, "Fair ladies, how your minds did slumber;  
How many watches are there 'mongst your number?  
Then looked they down, and on their wrists did see  
That four-and-twenty clocks ticked merrily.  
There rose a great rejoicing, whence the song  
Became a Williams-Wolery sing-along.  
And all the student body yelled "Hooray!!"  
That broken clock had wasted one full day.



## OH, MY HEART!

Andrea Davis

Oh, my heart!  
'Tis breaking, Lord.  
All those who once loved me  
Have now gone away  
Leaving nothing, nothing,  
Only coldness, pain, tears—  
Nothing to comfort me through  
the long night,  
Nothing to shelter me from the  
cold,  
No one to whisk away my tears  
and say,  
"It's all right. I forgive you  
because I love you."  
But I need no one—  
No one to complete my little world.  
I have myself—  
Oh, Lord, what a pitiful shell I am!  
I know not love,  
For in driving all others away,  
I drove away myself.



# ME = A PIG

Lou Cornelius

*You might not know it,*

*But I am a pig.*

*And not just in the sense of a glutton either.*

*In the fickle fall weather*

*I wade, wiggle, and waddle*

*In the middle of my muddy, murky marsh.*

*But then when that terrible thermometer*

*Drops, drops, drops, until the temperature*

*Is far below thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit,*

*I know that the wintry wind*

*Has become my master*

*And that now I must resort*

*To skating on my mud-colored marsh.*

*But there is no need to despair,*

*Because I enjoy gliding and sliding*

*And colliding into clumps and stumps.*

*I find it almost as amusing as*

*Wading, wiggling, and waddling*

*In the middle of my muddy, murky marsh.*

*When the slick, stiff, surface of my mud-colored marsh*

*Begins to crunch as candy and crumble as cookies,*

*I feel myself slowly descending into*

*My muddy, murky marsh.*

*I know then that spring has come*

*And that once again I can*

*Wade, wiggle, and waddle*

*In the middle of my muddy, murky marsh.*





THE CRAVEN—(continued from page 4)

Harbrace received an epic smile,  
But followed it with rounds of 20 e.  
Glossary hurled invective, cold as ice,  
Till he met bold Harbrace's comma splice.  
Incremental repetition's force was spent  
When surrounded by a dangling element.  
Harbrace's bold tautology had met  
The staunch derogatory epithet.  
To hurl lampoons, brave Glossary's arm did raise  
As Harbrace launched a nonrestrictive phrase.  
A naïve hero irony did give  
And slew the valiant double negative.  
He joined then the sharp alliteration,  
Who quickly overcame subordination.  
But Battle's searing ardor must be quelled:  
'Twas so when fair Shakespearean stood misspelled.  
Antithesis was commonly confused,  
And characters and plot were never used.  
By chance Harbrace's plan was misconstrued  
And caught him by a sudden shift in mood.  
Fate favored not the struggling Glossary,  
The victim of his own soliloquy.  
And thus the battlefield lay still and dark;  
A thousand piercing words had found their mark.  
The few remaining warriors stood collected  
As bands of flagrant errors lay corrected.  
Prunella sadly viewed the solemmn stage  
Where once had flared the battle of the age.  
She saw the trembling Harbrace turn around  
To face the elf still on the misted ground.  
He looked into the eyes of Glossary;  
"Know'st thou that thou art quite verbose?" said he.  
The other thereupon did raise himself;  
Thou stands't to be corrected," said the elf.  
The latter faced Prunella with surprise,  
The sparkle of discovery in his eyes.  
"You need not tell the author's life," said he.  
"The book is an autobiography."



BRAVE NEW WORLD—(continued from page 7)

Marx and Lenina the savage reservation was "queer—yes. The place was queer, so was the music, so were the clothes and the goitres and the old people." Yet the hidden advantages of this savage reservation are an integral part of the ideal world. Man belonged to the closer unit of the family rather than to the cold conformity of the State. He could feel the warmth of his mother's arms about him; he could love another with every fiber of his soul; he could look into the adoring eyes of a child—he belonged to nature. A boy grew to manhood under the care of a loving mother—he could turn for comfort to the arms of one of his own flesh rather than to the heartless machine of the State. The challenge of his emotions built man spiritually; he was free. He was free to laugh, to cry, to study, to learn, to build his own mind. The inhabitant of the savage reservation had the satisfaction of meeting the challenge, of facing life and conquering. With each new hurdle man climbed toward the ultimate goal of self-respect. "To fashion, to give form, to feel his fingers gaining in skill and power—this gave him an extraordinary pleasure." Man had the belief in a supreme guiding being to comfort him. John stood alone in the hospital; he watched his mother die. He was left alone in a world of progress, of machines—a world where he did not belong. He was confused; he had nothing to live for. One word came to his lips; he whispered, "God". John's faith led him. Yet life in the savage reservation was often harsh. Man lived primitively in poverty and squalor. Lenina shrank from the "dirt, to start with, the piles of rubbish, the dust, the dogs, the flies." Sanitation and cleanliness were forgotten; man lived like an animal. The old men and women spent their aging years in loathsome rags; their world was a world of poverty and filth. There was no soma to ease the pangs of sorrow: man felt the pain of grief; there was nothing but time to cure the bloody wounds of death. Man was often alone in the savage reservation deserted by his fellow beings. John was the son of a strange woman; his skin was white. The Indians shunned him, taunted him, called him vile names. "Alone, always alone," John lamented. Thus the savage reservation was no more perfect than the brave new world: its advantages were offset by an equal number of deficiencies. Aldous Huxley's worlds were different; neither was ideal. Man has not yet found the perfect society; Aldous Huxley has not molded it for him. Yet Huxley has pictured two distinct and interesting civilizations: the brave new world and the savage reservation. What is the ideal world? Perhaps someday man will know. . . .

TWO ROADS—(continued from page 11)

*Forever and I can't be anyway.  
If I could only take a part along  
And skip a little on the upward road,  
And every now and then I'll slip away,  
Take off my grown-up shoes and let the mud  
Ooze through my toes and I will run barefoot  
Across the meadow back to the old road,  
Where I can watch the truly young pass by,  
And then I'll laugh with them as now I do;  
And though I cannot step back on that road,  
I'll have the gaiety, if not exciting thrills,  
The happiness, if not childhood's own joy;  
I will be free, if not carefree, and I  
Will love my life as much as ever I did,  
And when I reach the peak, the end of the long road,  
I know that on that day I will be whole.*



# NOTHING

margaret dyer

*the cold rain of dead-and-gone*

*beats*

*a loud tattoo*

*on the window-pane*

*of yesterday*

*the wind of*

*nothing*

*blows gray and empty*

*on the desert*

*of tomorrow*

